



PS 2826

.S5

Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. ^{PS2826} Copyright No.

Shelf ^{S5}

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

E



Moses Gage Shirley.

A

Book of Poems,

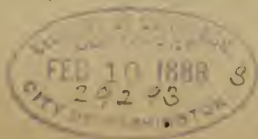
BY

Moses Gage Shirley,

GOFFSTOWN, N. H.,

Including "The Tipping Rocks," "Uncanoonus
Mountains," "Amoskeag Falls,"
"The Pulpit," etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.



PS 2826
55

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1887, by

MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress.

IRA C. EVANS, PRINTER,
CONCORD, N. H.

Preface.

FOR a few years past I have been thinking of collecting some of my best poems, that have appeared in various papers from time to time, and arrange them for publication in book form. After considerable delay the intended volume is now ready and awaits your criticism, which I hope will be fairly given, allowing for the enthusiasm of youth and all unintentional mistakes.

As I have always lived on a farm many of my poems will doubtless remind you of the woods and the picturesque scenes of country life whose various phases every lover of nature ought to enjoy to appreciate more fully the flowers and trees and birds and all those other things that ennoble and beautify our surroundings and our lives.

To understand poetry well I believe it is necessary for us to adopt the mood or inspiration in which the poet writes—as near as we know how—if we desire to share his thoughts and find companionship with him; by so doing we shall be able to judge him better and to acquire a truer reverence for the sublime and beautiful wherever found.

Yours respectfully,

Moses Gage Shirley.

BOOK OF POEMS.

The Tipping Rocks.

[Shirley Hill, Goffstown, boasts of two natural curiosities called the Tipping Rocks, which weigh several tons and can be moved by a slight pressure of the hand. They are probably relics of the Glacial Epoch.]

GIANTS of that stupendous glacial slide
Which swept the northern mountains to the sea,
Left here to mark some error rectified
In Nature's grand and varied alchemy.

Cradled by storms, saluted by the sun,
How many ages past we cannot guess,
Though here the Indian came when day was done,
And wintry forests moaned in bleak distress.

The fearless eagle flew above thee then,
Making the silence echo with his cry;
The timid rabbit sought its burrowed den,
Alarmed to hear the winged hunter nigh.

Deep in the shade the tawny deer fell down
When vivid lightning lit the tempest's path,
Startled when thunder shook the wooded ground
And filled their peace with unrelenting wrath.

The scene is changed, and thou art left alone
Huge Titans of the avalanche's rage,
For weaker hands to tip thy walls of stone
And pluck the moss that covers them with age.

Uncahoonuc Mountains.

PROUD mountain throned above the valleys green,
Nor distant from some nestling country town ;
Imbued with every brightness, sunshine flings
Its sceptre over all.

Those sturdy oaks with giant strength among
The luring breezes of the whispering pines ;
Yon landscape as some picture painted new,
The rapt attention of the view confines.

The sky above, that canopy of heaven's pure state,
Looks down and locks the scenes of closing day.
With mirrored beauty from the sunset gate,
Ye steps of time, when in creation's dawn,
These cragged rocks glowed brighter as the morning
woke ;
Thy touch has marred them, and the raging storms
Their fury o'er the massive boulders broke.

But thou art loved, O mountains,
Though loftier heights ascend to view ;
Nor less revered as years press in their march,
Thy grandeur shall be ever old or new.

Amoskeag Falls.

SEE how the rushing waters leap
Against the rocks with feathery spray,
Below the bridge they madly sweep
And circle on their devious way.

Like unchained demons that have broke
The barriers of their prison down,
They onward rush, and, striving, cope
Amid the billow's surges, drown.

'Twas here the valiant red man came,
In years gone by, to woo his mate,
And the Great Spirit wrote his name
In the recording book of fate.

Flow on, proud river, to the sea,
Beneath the city's frowning walls,
Untrameled as thou still shall be,
To cleave thy cragged waterfalls.



LINES

Written on a visit to the Pulpit in Bedford, N. H.,
September 8, 1887.

STRANGE work of Nature in thy wooded home
I pause and wonder at the sights around ;
Where mossy boulders tower stone on stone
And falling water circulates its sound.

Long years have gone since the first Indian brave
Came down the stairway leading to the pool,
And paused a moment near the narrow cave,
Then wandered out beside the streamlet cool.

Where once he trod I find another track,
Some pale-faced maiden's, printed in the clay.
The flitting shadows fall behind my back,
As to and fro the pendent birches sway

What power is here? A subtle spell enchants
And fills with beauty every nook and place;
Upon a rock that to the water slants
Some ferns are growing delicate as lace.

I stand enraptured, musing of the past,
Of all the ages since the world began;
O'er this great chasm, intricate and vast,
I think one time a mighty river ran.



To My Mother.

I bless her for the hope which she has bourne
For me along the world's unequal ways,
Beneath the changing sky that o'er us bends
My love for her is one vast song of praise.

Though other poets wake the silent muse
With themes of passing eloquence more grand,
Such humble verses, careless wrote as these,
Have few pretences of the master's hand.

Through all the retrospective years that are
Bound over nature like some golden veil,
My mother's memory I shall hold aside
From every fault when envious griefs prevail.

Yea, love like her's will never cease to be
In this old human world of sin and shame,
Until the spirit, freed from servitude, bestows
On fairer spheres its everlasting claim.

The Statue of Liberty.

GRAND work of genius ! we adore
The hands that wrought thee o'er the sea ;
We praise thy sculptor, Bartholdi,
But thank the generous people more

Who sent thee as their gracious gift,
The offering of sunny France,
Freed from the tyrant's bloody lance,
Upon our shore thy torch to lift.

High in the heavens' starry space,
A beacon fire whose light will glow
Till love shall conquer every foe ;
Where freedom knows no class or race.

Again we humbly feel the debt
This statue gives for us to claim,
We feel a glory in the name
And chivalry of Lafayette,

Who came when tyranny oppressed
Our infant nation with its greed,
And by his valor we were freed,
And every evil was redressed.

His record on thy shrine we lay,
Heroic nation, with the dead
Who lived and suffered, fought and bled,
That Liberty might ever stay.

Look up and see her symbol grand,
A noble effigy of Peace ;
Whose victory will never cease
Until it circles every land.

When thrones shall crumble in the dust,
And sovereign kings and rulers die,
Mayst thou illuminate the sky,
And fall with Honor, if thou must.



An Ocean Legend.

[Oakum Bay is a small inlet on the rocky coast of Marblehead, Mass., where the following tragedy took place many years ago.]

Down on the coast of Marblehead,
The good old people say,
Long years ago some pirates sped
A craft to Oakum Bay.

In it a lovely girl was brought,
The villains took ashore ;
They murdered her without a thought,
And hid her in her gore.

For some base act they never meant
Her virgin lips should tell ;
God pity them whose souls were lent
To form a league with hell.

Amid the tempest and the dark
The natives hear her plead,
As when the pirates did embark
To do their bloody deed.

Amid the twilight yet, perchance,
They see her lifeless ghost
When dying sunbeams fall and dance
Along that rocky coast.

Let Truth Prevail.

AN ancient king in olden times,
Whose throne was in the East,
Once called his nobles from afar
To bide with him and feast.

Around the festal board they met,
With song and mirthful jest,
Until the king a question put
To each astonished guest.

“What is the greatest power on earth?”
Some quickly said the king;
The monarch bowed his head and spoke,
“Nay, truth’s the mightiest thing.”

Cheer after cheer rang through the hall,
In that old castle grand,
Whose ruler now is in the dust,
His palace in the sand.

Thank God that truth is potent still,
To mar the despot’s fame,
As in the distant ages past
It first began its reign.

Have hope amid your duties there
Beside the rushing loom,
O maiden, for your earnest prayer
Will far out-reach the gloom.

The shadows soon will pass away ;
Let courage aid the weak,
Till labor can from every land
Its true expression speak.

When Peace has sealed the cannon lips,
That War's red hosts assail,
And tyranny shall rule no more,
Truth will at last prevail.



Ode to June.

WARM with the glow of summer skies,
Sweet as the blush of maidenhood,
Thy beauty over field and wood,
Is one of marvel and surprise.

Upon the hills the zephyrs stray,
Or wander where the laurels grow
In the wide pasture lands below,
Made beautiful by their array.

Within the west the shadows flee
Beyond the dim horizon's bar ;
I see the glimmer of a star,
And hear the wild bird's minstrelsy.

Bring back, again, some fond desire
Of trust and duty, unto those
Who gave an offering of a rose ;
Yet, filled with love, such gifts inspire.

No Night There.

[And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.—*Bible*.]

FOREVERMORE it's written, there shall be
No darkness in that golden city, where
Our Christ still lives, who walked by Galilee,
And sainted spirits breathe through realms of prayer.

For God shall wipe away all earthly tears
Of sorrow from our poor delusive eyes
Where death will end, and pain and secret fears
Shall be unknown in His great paradise.

Bright with a radiance from the eternal cross,
Telling of Calvary's awful silent dread,
Beyond the power of universal loss,
The heritage of Faith which is not dead.

An Old Proverb.

WHATEVER the grief that binds
Its fetters upon our breast,
And the aching heart confines,
We know it is for the best.

No matter if love shall die
And leave with the parting guest,
It is hard to say good bye,
But sometimes it is for the best.

Whenever the time shall come
That our stars go down the west,
And our lips are cold and dumb,
God grant it be for the best.

Grant.

HE fell not in the fray
Amid the battle's smoke,
But kept the foe at bay
With heart as firm as oak ;
Upon a hundred fields
He fought, then strove for peace,
Such courage always heals
The cost of War's release.

He lived and suffered death—
To die as others died
Before him, and he left
His memory sanctified ;
In chorus let us rend
A grand memorial chant,
For North and South will end
Above the grave of Grant.

I Thought of Love.

I thought of love as an awaking dream,
Born from the stillness of hope's seeming flight,
When kindred passions are with trust imbued,
And Nature dos't her fondest themes invite ;
With hearts resistless, we may know the truth
From lips that summer has not idly blest,
And eyes that evening in its beauty crowned,
An affluence for duty or for rest.

To an old Maple.

[The following verses are dedicated to a maple tree which stands just across the road from the writer's birthplace, and which has, in all probability, been growing there for over a hundred years.]

BESIDE the roadside grows a maple gray,
Lifting its giant branches to the sky;
Guarding with faithful vigilance the way,
The self-same presence to the passer by.

The last progenitor of a long line
Of lordly monarchs in some massive wood,
Where nature reigned with every grace benign
Within the forest where those worthies stood.

But they were early days of which I speak;
Long years before the settler's cabin frowned
Upon that wilderness of grandeur bleak,
And wrapped in desolation most profound.

There the gray owl reared her brood in peace
Within the hollow of some massive oak;
The denizens of wildwood did increase,
For human pity there no themes awoke.

Thou art a retrospective tree, I know,
Keeping the history of a vanished time;
Whose boughs have bent with verdure or with snow,
To bless the idols of some cherished shrine.

Across the way a rural dwelling stands;
One I shall ever prize, it is my home,
What power is there, e'en in the distant lands,
Beloved by strangers and all those who roam.

An artifice of workmanship, yet rude
With homely carving that the worker wrought;
Around its portals memory's gems are strewed
Like the vague fancies of neglected thought.

The mountain high above, majestic still,
Rears upward to the cloud its vaulted height,
Inviting all to roam as best they will,
Or watch its shadows darken with the night.

To view the roseate glow of early dawn
Upon its cragged boulders, gray and old,
Light up a golden mirage moving on,
Till all the brightness of the day unrolled.

With other scenes of pictured beauty rare,
Youthful with life or hoary with their age,
Bedeck that hallowed spot beyond compare,
The treasures of a banished heritage.

Thou maple, grafted to the common soil
With rooted members that are firmly set,
Though the rude wind some branches may despoil,
Thy surface is unchanged the same as yet.

And when I come across the strand of years,
I hope to greet thee, growing in thy place,
Amid the world's prosaic joy and tears
I'll know thy form as a familiar face.

The Dead Soldier.

[Respecting the memory of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan who died at Newark, N. J., Oct. 28, 1885.]

WHEN civil conflict filled our land
I was not born, but I have read
About the cost and understand
The valor of its noble dead.

Who fought for all was dear to them,
The cause of justice and of right;
They gained as true a diadem
As victors ever won in fight.

But the great soldier whom I name
Died after peace had wrought its sway.
He fought, but never owned the fame
That he would have earned without delay.

Had party strife been less severe,
And prejudice been cast aside
By love that bound his comrades near
Although his duties were denied.

Yet time will eulogise the trust
His manly spirit strove to gain
When jealous passions kiss the dust
And cruel sabres leave no stain.

Soldier and statesman, thou art gone
Where war's red pilgrimage will end.
The skies are breaking with the morn
And angels greet thee as a friend.

Remorse.

UPON his couch the fettered criminal sank,
Worn with unrest ; his sallow face was thin,
His mind was tortured and reluctant shrank
Beneath an evil canopy of sin.

He fell asleep and dreamed of days ago,
When life was full of beauty and of verse ;
How could it be that he was ever born
To feel the blight of this relentless curse.

He saw the fields that he has seen of yore
Grow purple as the sun drew down the west,
And set in splendor as it did before
When he was young and never had transgressed.

And dreaming still he saw a maiden's face
Look down in pity from a starry cloud ;
Why did he leave her, full of love and grace,
To seek his fortune in the restless world ?

Unkind was fate ; he battled with it long,
But came no nearer to the promised goal ;
What would have made his manhood grand and strong
He lost when ruin overthrew his soul.

Again that gentle face was bending low
Above his own, and he was reconciled
To dream of her as in the long ago,
When he was young and she was but a child.

Had she come down to ask him to forget,
From that far place where sainted angels dwell,
His hasty words that stung him with regret ;
Had she come down to say to him farewell ?

In vain he dreamt across the wide abyss,
The stars shone out, but they were keen and cold;
He longed to feel the pressure of a kiss,
Or hear the songs she used to sing of old.

A moonbeam stole into his cell that night;
The prisoner saw it; springing up he cried:
"Remorse has fought me with an angry spite
And conquered," fell upon his couch and died.

Crosses.

THERE are many cross-
es that people bear;
crosses of love and
hate and care. As
they journey onward to their abode
some of the burdens press and
goad, some of the crosses lightly
rest like the downy 'birds 'neath
their mother's breast;
while others fall
with a cruel aim
till the heart is riv-
en with secret pain.
It may be well if we
turn 'aside from the
poisoned rivers of
worldly pride; it
may be well if we
never win a trai-
tor's crown or a
cross of sin.

The Owl and the Crow.

WHAT THE OWL SAID.

SAID the owl to the crow, I am posted, you know,
About the climate and weather,
And the lay of the land ; what I don't understand
Is of no more account than a feather.

I can ferret a mole where he tunnels his hole,
Through the ground, if I feel in the mood ;
One snap of my beak will make a rat squeak
Before I convert him to food.

My eyes, you observe, have a luminous nerve,
I can see when the moon doesn't shine ;
See my talons, old friend, how closely they bend
' Round this limb like a cypress vine.

Sometimes when I hoot I've an eloquent flute,
All the small birds will flutter away
Or tremble with fear when they know I am near,
Because I am seeking for prey.

One night on a tree I had patience to see
Two lovers that came underneath ;
I heard what was said, they agreed to be wed,
When they left it was quite a relief.

WHAT THE CROW SAID.

Said the crow to the owl, you're as funny a fowl
As ever invented a joke,
But the sound of your flute is not half so cute
As a thrill of my musical croak.

I'm a lover of corn, because I was born
To feed as my grandfathers did ;
When I follow the plow the farmers allow
That I'm seeking a suitable quid.

I am not much afraid of the tricks they have played,
Or the snares to encumber my tribe ;
I'm a hard kind to kill unless I am ill,
So I mean to keep well and alive.

Just notice my dress, you are jealous, I guess,
Confound your old lummous eyes ;
See the gloss on my coat, you had better take note
Of the color if you are so wise.

THE MORAL.

The moral is plain, but don't read it in vain,
Like some book you have laid on the shelf,
All I wish to impart you can soon learn by heart,
Don't feel *quite* so proud of yourself.



Regret.

WHY do we long for many vanished things,
For hasty words that are beyond recall,
And love's sweet token full of truth divine ;
We might have drank its consecrated wine
Before we let the priceless goblet fall.

Why do we think of all the vanished years,
Of fruitful seasons till our eyes are wet ?
We cannot tell because we do not know,
There are so many ills that torture so,
And memory always brings some vain regret.

Dash It Down.

You have heard of the suffering,
 the want, the sin and the vile
 pollution that lurks herein,
 of the genius offered upon its
 goal, and the ruin of many
 a splendid soul, of the crimes
 committed without a name, by this
 lurid demon, to end in shame.

How oft the feet of some way-
 ward lass it has led to the
 verge of hell, alas! If
 you wish to wear a
 god-like crown,
 be true to

y
o
u
r
s
e
l
f

And dash it down.

Lord Byron.

POET with human passion strangely bound,
 Master of song, I only know of thee
 As one who lived and woke thy harp to sound
 With fancies weird and soul-like melody.

From native soil beneath a southern sky,
Veiled with the splendors of the orient,
He wandered, seeking fame, alas! to die
Before the fullness of his life was spent.

And grand those lessons that he taught
Of love's great warfare; they will hold
Their sway amid the realms of thought
When other hearts and lips grow cold.

April Skies.

CARESSSED by southern winds that rove
Far from some native orange grove.

As changeful as the changing sea,
Unfathomed with its mystery.

Begemmed with fleeting clouds or rain
The crystal fringes of their train.

More like a blushing maiden fair,
Those fickle spirits of the air

Enshroud each change of storm and sun
With beauty till the day is done.

Revealing through the shadow land
Of twilight something vague and grand.

Beneath these April skies we know
Will vanish all our winter's snow,

And bring the belted-brown bee when
The flowers of Spring time bloom again.

The Old Year and the New.

Go backward with the course of time
Amid the surging spheres,
And find a conqueror old and grim
Who steals the parting years.
He comes and bids the beautiful
Of earth, to pass away ;
No action fraught with pity's fear
Can mar his frenzied sway.

Deep in our hearts a sorrow springs,
A grief akin to pain,
Which lingered with the sunny hours
That ne'er will come again.
How deep that hidden agony,
Emotion's voice is still ;
For all those promises of praise
Not one did we fulfil.

Another year has gone, to fill
Its mission with the past ;
Departed, but its record leaves
A history that will last.
And is it true, that we revere
The old year tinged with gray,
More like the sanctuary form
Of life's departing day ?

The glittering host of stars look down
From their paternal sky,
Through realms that hold eternity,
Where years and seasons lie.

Some mystic harp the dial fame
Has shattered, and is gone,
But greater talent will arise
To grace our deeds anon.

Ring out, ye bells, wild, fearless, ring
At midnight's holy hour,
When silence o'er the city broods
From terraced wall to tower.
But let thy cadence ring in peace,
To absent messengers of thought,
'Till cares of ours shall be removed
To reach a place where rank is not.

At last the frosty morning breaks,
A glad new year now rules supreme,
The lingering phantom of the old
Has vanished as a fading dream ;
Thrice welcome to the new-born day,
Desire of to-morrow's sun,
Bright path the pilgrimage of hope,
Thy mission just begun.

Within his ledger Time has turned
Another page more fair,
Take heed no error of thy own
Shall place its record there.
The self-same wickedness of earth
This hardened age dost hold,
The same insinuating sneers
Will linger and be told.

Let every lasting motive reach
The idol of its theme,
So let us strive with one accord
To win the world's esteem.
When burst the tender buds of spring,
And summer's sweetest flowers bloom,
There is a Power that lives for aye,
To lift the vapid veil of gloom.

The same bright sun will shine as fair,
The crescent moon grow full and wane,
The sowing will precede the harvest,
And misty clouds will turn to rain;
Man's bravery will be no nobler
Than chronicled by centuries flown;
While you and I, perchance, dear reader,
Will live and die unwept, unknown.

Bear patiently thy share of sorrow,
Again the pledge of life renew;
Fling off the clods that else would bind thee,
To find a pleasure lasting true,
Avoid the slanderer's artful way,
Temptation's servile pathway shun,
Look *upward* through the gloomiest hour,
'Till grief and pain no more shall come.

Shakespeare.

NEARLY three hundred years have gone
Since thy great spirit passed away;
The acts thou wrote we still portray
With kindred beauty grandly drawn.

Beside the Avon's winding stream
Thy fancy quickened into thought
With themes that cannot be forgot
And greater than all others seem.

For thou alone did understand
The soul of passion and of love
Which brooded o'er thee like a dove
And came and went at thy command.

On some fair world I think of thee,
Immortal poet, living yet,
Where stars of morning never set,
But sing in choral jubilee.

Where brighter suns are filled with light
And planets circle into fire,
To make at last a funeral pyre
Where shadows darken into night.

Thy record written here will live,
Great genius of the world's applause,
Until the critics find no flaws
In thy great work, and all forgive.

The Churn, or Spouting Horn.

[This great natural curiosity, so called, is a deep ravine or chasm in the rocky coast of Marblehead Neck, Mass., where the water from the ocean foams and rushes and is sometimes thrown upward to a great height, the upheaval being accompanied by a loud report like the discharge of a cannon. According to geologists the waves are responsible for the indentation. In olden times the Neck was a favorite haunt of the Indians; it is now one of the most beautiful and popular summer resorts on the New England coast.]

AGES ago when the ascending sun
Across those heaving, turbid waves shone,
There was no fissure where the waves could churn;
They left in sullen anger to return
And beat against a massive wall of stone.

The years went by and many storms were spent
Before the fury of the raging sea
Had done its work, and booming upward sent
The foaming swirl in furious content,
Rejoicing like a demon bold and free.

And later still a band of Indians came
When the red light of morning filled the East ;
They came and stood in wonderment and awe
Beside the churn, and heard the billows war
Beneath them as the surging tide increased.

Their tale is told ; another people see
The sights they saw or marvel at their graves ;
They see the rolling waters inward creep,
To thunder up that frowning chasm deep,
Worn by the ceaseless rush of ocean waves.

An Evening Sonnet.

Look down the west, behold ! the kingly sun
Is slowly sinking on a couch of gold ;
Into the night another day is done—
Yes, ended like a story that is told.
See, far above the sunset's golden glow,
The sky is tinted like a sea of pearl,
It blushes red like some reticent girl,
While darkness gathers o'er the earth below.
Look out again and watch the fading light
Grow fainter as the stars shine from the sky ;
Or feel the presence of the balmy night
Draw near us from her canopy on high ;
Look out and feel a marvelous delight,
The tranquil rest her shadowy wings supply.

Oak Leaves.

IN SUMMER.

I saw them in the summer broad and green
Upon an oak that grew beside the wood,
Where song birds came amid the silence deep
And sang their songs where playful zephyrs blew
Amid the foliage wet with pearly dew,
Or lulled the warblers as they fell asleep.

IN AUTUMN.

I saw them in the autumn dyed with red
Upon the oak that grew beside the wood ;
The birds had flown while I reluctant stood
To watch the beauty of each rare design,
Sweet as the maiden's blush and downward glance,
Red as the warrior's blood-encircled lance
Or crimson berries crushed to ruddy wine.

Towards.

God pity those who never dare
To battle for the right,
But seek some guiltless soul to snare
With their malicious spite.

The craven's touch is on each brow,
The signature of sin
Is written, though we know not how,
On each false heart within.

For every evil they have wrought
Will dwell some conscious pang,
It will return to them in thought,
A torturing boomerang.

Woodcraft.

AMONG the forests where I go
The woods are filled with rare delights,
Wild germs that spring and flowers that blow,
On level slopes or mountain heights ;

Salute me with their fragile art—
I cannot name each growing kind,
Though some a healing power impart,
While others life and strength unbind.

The birds that flutter in the trees,
And greet the morning with their song,
Have learned a lesson from the breeze,
Which they with amorous joy prolong.

Sometime perhaps the wood sprites will
Allow their secret love confessed,
But not until my heart is still
And I lie down at last to rest.

Logic.

YOUNG man or young woman, whatever you do
In this world of creation and blight,
You better hold fast to the things that are true,
If you wish for success and delight.

You may know how to read and know how to spell,
And put your thoughts into verse ;
But you won't get along in the world very well
Unless you are good to converse.

Mountains.

WHERE lofty mountains tower to the sky,
There is a charm of varied beauty rare,
And full of subtle meaning is to me,
Grander than art and full of poetry,
No human poet ever will compare.

Above the clouds the fearless eagles fly,
Or seek their homes far from the reach of man,
Where storms carouse and avalanches glide
Into the yawning chasms deep and wide,
Which, mighty boulders overarching, span.

Those giant forms are growing old with age,
But growing older they retain the glow
Of many summers spent with bees and birds
And pasture lands and lowing cattle herds,
Or unknown winters lost amid the snow.

While standing on a crest I often feel
A reverent passion free from discontent,
I think of other mountains far away,
That are more holy in their rich array,
Because upon them once my Saviour went.

“ Let Us live by the Way.”

LET us live by the way and never molest
The peaceful abode of a friend,
Yes, the path that is narrow and straight is the best
For the feet of the children of men.

But broad is the road that will lead them to sin,
If they seek by the wayside each snare;
Oh, guide them with patience before they begin
Life's troubles and duties to bear.

If we do what is right our mission on earth
Will glow in death's glimmering sun,
When the angels of God shall proclaim our new birth
And we hear the glad welcome: "Well done."



Thomas Hood.

HE made a picture for all time
Of suffering and daily want;
The subtle pathos of his rhyme
Is living and will ever haunt.

When we recall the "Bridge of Sighs,"
The sinful maiden filled with pains,
Who saw the city's towers arise,
And flung her body in the Thames.

He pled for labor's scanty crust,
And sang of penury and woe,
But yet mankind is still unjust,
While changing seasons come and go.

His genius glitters like the stars,
Undimmed by time it flashes out;
Although his soul has sought the bars
Of sunset on its endless route.

Pansy Flowers.

Oh, pansies blue and purple-eyed,
I deem you fairer than the rest
Of flowers that bloom for beauty's pride,
On vernal fields of loveliness.

Such fields, perhaps, Apollo trod,
Among the Ionian maidens fair,
A fabled myth and demigod,
With sprays of laurel in his hair.

The rose may bloom for lovers' bowers,
And evening deck the lily white,
But give to me the pansy flowers,
Whose upturned faces greet the light.

Above my grave when I am gone,
I would the pansy flowers might grow
And blossom as the years sweep on ;
No rarer gift could hands bestow.

On the Shore.

I stood upon the shore one day,
The waves dashed high with foam,
And crested breakers awe-like swept
Across their ocean home.

The brown rocks, rugged as the hills,
Precipitous and high,
In silent majesty were throned
Between the sea and sky.

At last the breakers ceased to rush ;
Slow faded from my sight
The lingering shadows of the day
Into the darkened night.

God's mysteries indeed are great,
We know not why they are,
The power that calms the mighty deep
Shines in yon distant star.



Denied.

THERE are some who seek for the ways of peace,
Where only a stony path is made
For their bleeding feet to the mountain's crest,
Reached when the tumult of day is done ;
They catch a gleam of the setting sun
When the evening shadows have crossed the west.

Some wish for the world's undying fame,
They tune their harps, but the fickle strings
Are full of passion and grief untried ;
The singers fail, and their charm is lost
Beyond the recall of mind and cost,
While angels weep for such gifts denied.

Yes, there are souls unreached by joy,
Fragrant flowers that strive to bloom
Out of the common, sun-burnt soil,
Waiting the touch of some friendly hand
To cull the weeds from the fruitless land,
But they die at last through neglect of toil.

There are many hearts that yearn for love
And plead at its shrine, but it does not come
To satisfy until hope has fled,
And the earnest wish is as cold as steel ;
That true desire no life can feel,
When the cynic's fancies are born instead.



Bright Evening Star.

I reckon you the fairest gem
In heaven's starry crown,
That seeks the shadows of the west
Soon as the sun goes down.

Golconda's wealth would quickly fade
Were it compared with thee,
Whose orbit lies beyond our own,
Shrouded in mystery.

Fair star of night, thou art the same
As in that distant time
Thy sister stars of morning sang
In melody divine.

Still grace those far-off skies above,
A home of silent spheres ;
Though endless cycles have endowed
Eternity with years.

Love is with the May.

AGAIN the feathered songsters greet their queen,
Enrobed in emerald vestments new and fair ;
The sky above is one great azure sheen
Of many sunbeams that have centered there.

Upon the hills the hardy golden rod
Is springing, freed from winter's icy bowers ;
Yon meadows glow with beauty, and the sod
Grows green with verdure, or is decked with flowers.

And love is with the May, and memory
Has set a seal upon each captive heart,
Until from earthly cares its power is free,
For death no more these mystic lives shall part.

What I Caught.

I did not catch a single trout
That day I went a-fishing,
Although I angled all about
The brook and kept on wishing

That I might haul one beauty up
And show my friends a sample,
But failure has a bitter cup—
I found it much too ample.

I did not "catch" a maiden fair
As maidens were of old ;
I caught, I caught—oh, nothing rare ;
I only caught a cold.

A Wintry Day.

How white those flakes descending fair
The boundless azure dome,
And through their pilgrimage of flight
To us they softly come.

Beyond the forests that were green
The boughs are bending low,
With graceful plumes and fairy forms
Encased with crystal snow.

I see the mountain as of old,
Dim outlined through the storm,
Where yet the wild-wood berries grew
In summer days so warm.

The stalks of faded garden flowers
With herbage that is brown,
And withered grasses that have died
Appear above the ground.

The many objects that we love
Dear as familiar friends,
Are nearly buried, and assumed
Strange domes and towering ends.

Our roads are blocked where traverse teams
Had shortly passed before ;
A drift is heaped with ghostly form
Around each dweller's door.

The fields are hid from view ;
Each tender root's asleep,
Where guarded by his care
The Frost King's vigils keep.

North winds that sadly moan
Through serried trees so bare
Drink with a ravish thirst
The coldness of the air.

Some sparrows which the gale
Has cruelly oppressed,
Fly to the homes of men
For food and sheltered rest.

Within the glade the hares
Have crossed with lithesome feet,
And trod with willing care
The flaky, snow-white sheet.

Fall with impartial care ;
Fall down, ye snowy flakes !
We feel the potent thrill
Of a morning that will break.

Joy will appease all pain,
And sorrow be no more ;
A mirage of our hopes
To reach that peaceful shore,

Where life undying lives,
The beacons where no night
Shall mark with frugal scorn
The glories of its height.

The Father who in love
Has sent the snow-flakes down,
Will call His people home
To "win and wear a crown."

With the Night.

THE last gray shadows have sought the west,
Athwart the mirage that's lifted there ;
Above the rays of the setting sun
While earth is wrapped in a strange, sweet prayer.

Those clouds that breast the night are seen,
Gorgeous with violet and gold,
'Till the darker ones of the nimbus hue
Have spread the curtain of their control.

A single gem in the heaven's deep blue
Shines out, 'tis the evening star, I ween,
Which crowned the vaults of that trackless height
In other seasons and years that's been.

The reapers have bound the ripened sheaves,
The cradler's voice is less harsh and shrill,
They are going home with their leader now
From the whitened harvest on the hill.

Beside the river's pebbly brink
The mill is lulled where the zephyrs play,
But hark ! how plaintive that echo sounds,
As it is uttered and dies away.

Hush ! it is only the night bird's call
We hear from the forest's sombre shade,
The flash of wings through the twilight dim,
A voice as of one who is afraid.

How oft ideals are falsely shown,
In the sterner changes of time and trust,
For many a hero's unmarked grave
Is sacred only as common dust.

There are hearts that yearn for the even-time,
When the world's cold sunset has fainter grown,
To catch a gleam of its beauty rare,
And rest with a Father on His throne.

Some are lost in the chaos of sin,
Help them, Oh wanderer, to find the love
For the Prince of Peace that they early lost,
And a nobler, purer nature prove.

Life is a mystery, but it is sweet
With thoughts undreamt, and our silent fears
Of hope's glad morning, sunny shades of noon,
And evening closing with departing years.

Let us leave those stars and yon crescent moon
Gilding the azure depth we see ;
Such beacons alone are with the night,
And cloistered there they will ever be.

On Memory's Page.

I fain would paint a picture that might live
And wake to song this inconsistent sphere,
From Fancy's roof of meaning strangely wrought,
A frame of beauty o'er each fleeting year.

Time's pitiless power holds an unconquered sway,
Though human progress, ever yet the same
As when creation's early morning broke
Upon a world its first triumphant claim.

And, reaching upward to the vaulted height,
It reared an altar 'mong eternal stars ;
Through that immensity but half perceived
We pause to view when dusky twilight bars.

Fair gifts of seasons, crowned with many days,
Fill up with hope each transient motive blest,
On that great dial of eternity
A future's glorious heritage shall rest.

Somewhere, they tell us, and it must be here
Upon our own terrestrial bound of earth,
There is a mystery whose name is man,
A being gifted with a higher birth.

One who can make that birthright grander still,
From dark oblivion up to prospect's height ;
Or drag it down amid the sordid dust,
To rest secluded in relentless night.

In the great book of life so dearly prized,
We write a devious record till its close,
When the great Father bears his people up
And searches every heart that seeks repose.

Within that book are many pages blest,
We own its leaves, for they are all our own ;
But memory's page forever will be blessed,
Though all the others from the clasp have flown.

Ideal faces crown its columns fair,
Now the white daisies bloom above the graves
Of those we knew in many vanished scenes,
The silence of the lonely hour craves,

Aye, yearns for their companionship again,
To view wide fields the sportive zephyrs swept
Beneath the light of early summer time,
When Nature's pearly dewdrops cloistering wept.

On memory's page the seal of love is set
With precious pearls, how many may we prize ;
Oh, gentle dreamer, they are changeful yet,
As they are ever 'neath these changing skies.

Tried, as a brown bee found the queenly rose
Arrayed in beauty's artful store of bloom,
Pausing to drink a cup of nectar there
And plume his flight beneath the sun of noon.

"I will return at evening time," he said,
"Again to seek the chalice that was left ;"
He came, returning with the shadowy hours
To find the blossom shattered and bereft.

Saw in its place a thorn, then flew away.
"Ah, this is all my lesson," sighed the bee ;
Deception plies its sword and ruins some,
Others, by constant vigilance, are free.

Yes, it is grand to trace in prose and rhyme,
A tribute to the memory nations hold ;
But there is something nobler, grander still ;
It is the history of each human soul.

What it may be beyond, we cannot say ;
The dream of Calvary lives through all time,
Aiding these pilgrim wanderers to know
How meagre and ungenerous are their minds.

Unfathomed is a vista that will crown
With fears, pale hope the epochs yet to be ;
Of shadows reaching o'er a vale of tears,
Vast glories wrapped with immortality.

Where lasting truth no more with age grows dim
Omnipotent deeds to shield their brightness evermore.
Jesus himself, the great high priest and king,
Will wear a cross as one for us he bore.

Nor wonder when this spirit wings its flight to Him,
The grave no victory doth hold,
The sting of Death through Him will have no pain.
His mansions for us shall be manifold.



Daisy.

BORN where the rugged hills uplift
To heaven their verdant dome,
A gentle lass, whose purity
Earth's sordid gems outshone.

Whose home was by a mountain brook,
Where giant forests grew ;
Across the sparkling rill beneath
Their waning shadows threw.

The pendant fern drooped o'er the stream
On moss clad boulders gray,
Sweet rang the wild bird's plaintive note
Through all the summer day.

Wild roses and sweet briars filled
The open glade with bloom,
And tenderly the zephyrs pressed
Their petals for perfume.

Here Daisy lived ; her sunny face
Lent ardor to the spring,
Where cloistered graces wove around
Each gift fond nature brings.

Hers was no idle duty, when
She blessed each scene so dear,
To pluck the wild-wood fruit that grew
And ripened every year.

To cull the flowers that she loved
From Flora's ample store,
Arranging with a careless art
As few had done before.

It seems the seasons swiftly pass
Their mission ere we know,
The years have mingled with the flood
Of Time's unceasing flow.

The blithesome little girl had grown
Into a maiden tall,
Whose gentle ways illumed the path
She trod at Duty's call ;

Whose eyes were mirrored from the sky
That spread its azure shroud,
As from the boundless space the stars
Shine through the rifted cloud.

Encrimsoned lips that wistful grew
As moved perchance by right,
To curve with a seducing smile
And waking thoughts invite.

A womanhood, whose spotless morn
Was breaking from the sway
Of childhood realms that had throned
And crowned each fleeting day.

Had she a lover ? verily,
Our words are half expressed ;
We lightly speak of others' joy
And leave our own unguessed.

She had a heart, withal,
Whose purpose was to win
The love of all divine
And weaken grievous sin.

It happened, as the frost king turned
The emerald leaves to brown,
That Daisy left her rural home
To seek a distant town.

Sorrow awhile gave way to grief ;
Nay, do not think her mild,
For she had trod those rugged steeps
When but a wayward child.

The autumn sky was very clear,
No clouds to mar its scene ;
Deep silence wrapped the fields around
As held by some mute dream.

At last the journey reached, she found
A home among the throng
Of motley beings, who did press
And struggle ever on.

The worldly man stepped proudly by
His brother man, with gain ;
The morning sun shone down as bright
And set at night the same.

Nor should we doubt that Daisy found
Her idol, in whose breast
The manly sympathies arose
For all that's pure and blest.

And they were happy in the thought
Of life, which is the same,
When kindred passions strangely sweep
Their ardor into flame.

Her lover found her pure in heart,
And treasured all the smiles
That she, dear girl, would blushing give,
Then frown at him awhile.

But there is something some forget :—
That mutual friendships bind
The golden fetters of a race,
The hope of human kind.

Know we that Love is firmer still
Than any earthly tie ;
It writes its record on a past,
And it shall never die.

One morn her gallant suitor came ;
It was with hurrying feet
That Daisy saw him from afar
Walk down the crowded street.

They met as children, who adore
Another with their joy,
That mingles only with a trust
Unmixed with vain alloy.

He took her hands in his, and plead
The yearning of his love ;
An old, old story, but again
Shall it be new above.

"Oh, Ernest," and her eyelids fell
Beneath his steady gaze,
"I would that I could merit half
Of all your loving praise."

"Enough," he said, "but would you trust
Your life unto my care ?
The trust eternity will keep,
It is my fervent prayer."

"Yes ;" and her lips are pleading now,
As with a potent power ;
Some silent thought had centered there,
To animate the hour.

"But, Daisy, I am going far,
Far from the city's din ;"
He spoke, while she in wonderment
Looked timidly at him.

"I shall come back to you again,
Please keep your promise true."
He faltered, and with lingering step,
To bid a last adieu.

And he had left before she knew
Or realized he had gone.
"Oh, yes," she said, "he will return
To me another morn."

Vain thought ! three summers soon went by,
And he did not return ;
But Daisy could not think of ill,
Her prisoned heart did burn.

Like unto some lured by the storms,
Repining in the gale
Of human sorrow, which descends
To wear its vapid veil.

“ Her eyes were far away,” they said,
Yet wore a sad, mild hue,
As flowers the early frost has nipped
Before their beauty grew.

They were not blind to know
That she was sinking fast ;
Her life had been a transient dream,
Too beautiful to last.

“ Only those hills I long to see,
My cherished mountain home,
Whose woodlands yet are dear to me,
I fear no more to roam.”

And she was carried back to them
Just such another morn
As once she left them long ago,
Unknown to strife and scorn.

Here was a spot for quiet rest,
Where flowed a tiny rill,
The autumn foliage was wrapped
With splendor on the hill.

But patient Daisy's stay was short
Those rustic views to see,
And in her misery she thought
Of Him by Galilee.

"Come unto me." She courage takes.
"He comes, I see him near,"
She whispered, and her spirit fled
Beyond all earthly fear.

It was but morning in her love,
That was not vain and cold ;
We trust at last she entered in
The portals of His fold.

A grave was dug beside the brook,
And she was lifted down.
Dust unto dust, the body cast
Into the parent mound.

A granite slab was raised above,
And sculptured "Only Daisy."
Bright shone the mellow light upon
The distant hills so hazy.

The hazel's yellow bloom is set
About its spray of branches,
While yet the brooklet gurgles on
The course that it entrances.

Oh, Time ! sweep on with care that's gone ;
While memory's deeds enlighten,
The grief we bear will soon depart,
And the darkest clouds will brighten.

A Spring Idyl.

WHEN the cold sway of winter's reign has passed,
And wild woods' rule of noisy wind is o'er,
Another springtime decks each verdant slope
With the bright sunlight it has sent before.

The blithesome song of birds seems strangely new ;
We catch the flash of many showy wings ;
Spring's choristers of music clear and sweet,
Fond Nature revels in the songs they sing.

Now the arbutus vine doth trail its bloom
Rare from the censer of a perfume sweet,
Bred 'neath the shade of forests' sombre nooks,
Unmasked by footprints of the wanderer's feet.

Adown the mountain side the brooklet strays,
Cleaving the firmness of some massive stone,
With a white spray of water overcast
Until it falls and rushes from its throne.

The morn is bathed in joyous song and light,
The opening beauty of the long delay
From fields encased in snow-bound coldness quite,
At last to blossom through the perfect day.

Yon grove of saplings grows full greener there
Beside the dusty roadside, rough and brown,
Anon to ope their fulness, with the crest
Of summer's emerald crown.

Yes, it is night-fall and the day is done ;
The idle clouds have cloistered in the west.
Bright are the amber ones fast changing now,
While ebon darkness has proclaimed its rest.

Then they are pictures ; all the scenes we love
From the first burst of vernal bloom and sun,
Until the summer's past and autumn's store,
Stern winter coming when the year is done.

The views of springtime are more gladly prized
With new poetic changes, that are sent
To cheer us for a season, and to make
The happy glad, to banish discontent.

Whether we grasp the promise that they bring,
And fill our way with helpful, generous love,
Or strew the path with scorn and bitter tears, .
Existence will the same tried record prove.

For us to keep their graces near our hearts,
And greet each day as more than power,
Is hope renewed amid perpetual cares,
A dial marked by every fleeting hour.

A dial, yes ; and growing larger still
As years map out the orbit we describe,
From the low plain oblivion nestles on
To heights resplendent with the eventide.

Though some may strive for those far hills to-day,
The hills of fame, of honor's crested height,
To-morrow, may forget them in its sway,
And they no words of faithful knowledge write.

Ah, life is grand ! too full for us to know
A lingering sadness, half in hope and joy,
To meet the deeds of real and unreal strife,
Or menace them with factors to destroy.

But let us hold to pure, undaunted truth,
Keeping it ever, a confiding friend,
When the world's ways are dark with malice's hue
And the dark rifts of sorrow o'er us bend.

Some frail, unnoticed flower along the way
May not seem fair to some deluded eyes ;
Yet it may blossom, and its petals rear
Their beauty radiant to the vaulted skies.

So be it with our fair page of thought
Not yet expounded to unthinking minds,
The slumbering soul may spurn the servile fears,
And break the fetters that an impulse binds.

Forget the taunts that others careless give,
Or giving, they would gladly have reclaimed ;
And feel not higher than your genial host,
Who welcomes you without a name.

Withal, be true unto yourself and Him
Who knows aright the path His people tread ;
Then you will find that hope is never lost,
But over all a blessed halo sheds.



Hatred.

NOT as the Romans hated long ago,
When the Promethian fire around did burn,
And threw a glimmer over vase and urn,
Or sculptured marble, white as driven snow,
I would forgive an enemy that came
At last, repentant, wishing a reprieve
For every torture that our soul did grieve,
Through hasty passion kindled into flame.

Ida Gray.

[Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm, for love is stronger than death.— *Bible*.

BESIDE a meadow's verdant slope, 'neath giant willows
sleeping.

A rural cottage graced the spot, wild woodbine o'er it
creeping.

The fields lay bright beneath the light, the summer's sun
hung over,

A rueful zephyr gently tossed the purpling crests of
clover ;

Red roses grew beside the door, the columbines were
blowing,

'Twas Nature's holiday, at least, with all the verdure
growing.

Within the doorway's open space a girlish form was
bending,

The morning glory vines upon the lattice porch were
trending ;

She idly held an open book, its leaves pressed half to-
gether,

When rose leaves fluttered to her side light as a drifted
feather ;

She plucked one from its resting place, her sad gray eyes
were dreaming.

What fancy could have centered there, or was it only
seeming ?

Ah, more than that we seldom know the thoughts our
minds do sever ;

It may be love and simply that, but it shall live forever.

Soon Ida threw the volume down, those themes were
lightly lifted,
The setting sun fell on her face, fair as white snow-
flakes drifted ;
And rising from her sheltered couch awhile she mutely
tarried
To bind a rose upon her breast, then from the cottage
hurried.


Adown the lane with hasty steps she heard the cattle
lowing,
The silvery ripple of the brook o'er pebbly bottom flow-
ing.
“ You here ? ” she turned and half afraid she saw a form
beside her,
The sunset had grown fainter, then the darkening clouds
more wider.
“ You know I love you,” there he said, the twilight round
them bending,
“ The love that I would keep for you is that which has
no ending.”

Her eyelids fell ; a fire burned beneath the dusky lashes,
Soon tear drops fell, as from the sky the April shower
dashes.
“ You know I do,” he said again, “ for I have learned to
love you,
Your life to me has been as clear as yon bright star
above you ;
And will you not forgive me, while the night birds still
are singing
Their melody so strangely clear, my soul with sadness
stinging ? ”

"I can forgive you for the love," she said, "which you
have spoken,
If you'll forgive me if I hold in trust that precious
token."

"Oh! Ida Gray, I never dreamt such words to be for-
given,
And you are true to me at last, may it be so in heaven!"
His face was wreathed with happy smiles, its inward joy
foretelling;
Her heart was cheerful with the pledge of love within
it dwelling.

The daisies nodded in the grass, the dusty bees were
sleeping.
And from their dome of blue above bright stars their
watch were keeping.



Thoughts.

FRIEND, can you not give a prayer
For the needy in despair,
Helping them their grief to bear?

Let no evil smite thee low,
Conquer each unstable foe,
And the mind's pure trust will grow.

Let no shadowy moment dwell
On your heart a sentinel,
Or your secret joys foretell.

Let no spurious motive cast
Vindication o'er a past
That with storied fame will last.

Friendship's sacred vows must be
Woven in humanity,
Or their worth we ne'er shall see.

Linguist, let thy wisdom shine
O'er the deeds that's pure, divine,
As thy parent hopes define.

Have no hatred for the goal,
Wear a true and spotless soul,
Like the saints and prophets old.

Hoard no blighted joys for gain,
Let not riches have a claim
O'er your spirit with disdain.

Humbly strive to gain the right,
Reaching far into the night,
Gilding fame's propitious height.

Through the future peace will bring
Captious talent, teeming spring,
Many a victory glorying.

Where fond memory's seeds are sown,
Be your reaper, one alone,
'Till the Master calls thee home.

Home, beyond a shining shore;
Where all trouble will be o'er,
And to rest forevermore.

Father, we have learned thy trust,
Binding us with truth that's just,
And committing "dust to dust."

The Amber Clouds.

At sunset's hour the sky was bright
With beauty wonderful to behold ;
Effulgent glimmers vanished quite,
And o'er the silence evening stole.

Above, the bars of amber clouds
Diffused the twilight falling gray ;
Green woodlands, and the fields upon,
With last pretensions of the day.

Homeward some youthful lovers strayed,
Bright smiles the happy maiden wore.
Her eyes betrayed an earnest thought,
Methinks, the same that's been before.

And he, her valiant lover brave,
With manly bearing, steadfast, true,
Uttered the final words of trust,
Vows that are ever old or new.

The lids o'er her pleading eyes drooped low,
A prisoned wish in her bosom burned,
The thrill of her first great joy confined ;
Oh ! would it vanish and not return ?

Again, with the world's prosaic moods
In days that unheeded floated by,
Once more, with age they trembling stood
Together and gazed on the evening sky.

Our life is a puzzle ; an unknown song ;
Its youth with the fairest garlands strewed,
The brightest themes are the first to die,
And pleasure in them is a hope renewed.

Gradually fading, as amber clouds
Sinking to rest with the setting sun ;
Binding their mirage with endless delight,
When the goal of each conquest's won.

Rodney Stark Shirley.

[The subject of this poem was an uncle of the writer, who died August 11, 1862, in the 18th year of his age. He was a young man of unusual talent, and would have made a brilliant reputation had he lived.]

YEAR after year the grasses grow ;
Above his grave the robins sing,
And overhead the maples show
Their scarlet flowers to the spring.

They tell me that his heart was full
Of passion, surging like the tide
Where ocean billows rush and pull,
Before he sickened here and died.

Like some volcano burning low,
And full of strife that had no rest,
Until Death struck the fatal blow,
And all was silent in his breast.

Alas ! that he should die so young
And suffer every mortal pain ;
And leave his tuneful harp unstrung
For me to wake with song again.

Beyond the Skies.

VAGUE realms throned where twilight lifts
Above the stars an endless veil ;
Where the bright meteors flash through rifts
Of vapory clouds, and soon grow pale.

Into that trackless space of time,
Slowly fading each brilliant gem,
There is a mystery grand, sublime,
Unrecorded by mortal ken.

It may be bridged by the milky way,
Reaching above us its silvery band.
Bright with a thousand suns of day,
Yet it is ever the wonderland.

Aye, it will be till these human hearts
Have ceased forever their social beat,
And the cold glimmer of worldly arts
Is lost in darkness beneath our feet.

Some time the Father will call us home,
That great Father we never see,
Into his mansions no more to roam,
And wear a crown of eternity.

Guilt.

A lovely girl is lying dead,
Struck down by some assassin's hand ;
Her mangled breast is dyed with red,
The yellow hair is filled with sand.

Her lips are motionless and still,
But the mild pleading in her eyes
Is left, for death can never kill
Such beauty through the soul's disguise.

Those lips are silent now, to speak,
Or feel the thrill of love's romance ;
For fate her youthful life did seek,
And she lies dead by cruel chance.

But the accursed fiend will pay
His penalty of guilt somewhere,
Though time may shelter by delay
Till justice takes him unaware.

Only a picture here is made
Of daily mutiny and guilt,
For those who draw the shining blade
And plunge the dagger to its hilt.

All crime is sin, and wrong and lust
Will poison like the upas tree ;
Oh let the bloody sabre rust,
Until from guilt the world is free.

And Such is Life.

" Oh, give me love ! " the longing maiden prayed ;
" I am athirst ! Oh, give me love," she plead.
Her prayer was granted ; she became a slave
Of passion, and one morning she lay dead.

" Oh, give me sympathy ! " the poet prayed ;
" My life is short ! " he ate of sorrow's bread.
The people came when his rare gifts they weighed
To pay their tribute, but his soul had fled.

It's Coming.

"The spring is 'most here," says the hand-organ man,

"When into the country I go,

So I'll make all the music now that I can,

No matter how much people blow."

"The spring is 'most here," says the school maiden fair,

"I soon shall swing on the gate ;

Oh goodness, how nice, I really don't care,

For I love to trifle with fate."

"The spring is 'most here," says the dude with a smile,

"I must visit my tailor to-day,

And order a suit that is 'bang-up' in style,

To wear when the snow gets away."

"The spring is 'most here—caw, caw," says the crow,

"I must tell all those neighbors of mine ;

For I want them to come and make all the show

They can when the weather is fine."

"The spring is 'most here," sighs the young lady, "well,

I am sorry the parties have passed ;

I might have done more, for I heard people tell

That I cut quite a swell at the last."

"The spring is 'most here," says the doctor in glee,

And he whistles a melody shrill,

While he thinks of the climate and then of the fee

He will ask for attending the ill.

"The spring is 'most here," says the editor grim,

As he brushes the dust from his clothes,

An extra edition I soon shall begin,

And publish more poetry than prose."

Mementoes.

In a casket somewhat dusty
With the tinge of by-gone years,
I have found a treasure lasting,
Far outreaching all my fears.

Glimmers from a past long silent,
Memories the heart will keep,
Pleasure fleeting as the sunbeams
Lulled at noontime unto sleep.

Other days have cast their shadows
In the twilight's fading hours,
Marked the youthful hopes upspringing
As the germ of summer flowers.

Pictured recollection's fancy
O'er a future yet to be ;
Oh, the hidden words of anguish
That might fill eternity.

In that casket folded portraits
Still arrest me ere I stray,
Holding thoughts in close communion,
Though they all have passed away.

Features wearing in expression
Volumes that the tongue might speak
Of the spirit's prisoned longings,
Greater motives they would seek.

One, with eyes of deepest azure,
Looking upward unto rest,
Where, let us believe he found it,
Weary pilgrim, and was blest.

Another, a youthful poet
Impassioned his inward love,
Whose day on earth was fleeting
As the clouds which float above.

Inspiration bound him,
Emotion claimed his name ;
Bright was life's sky above him,
His treasured orrifle.

And genius, she might love him,
Her strange maturing child,
While pity would implore him
To stay with her awhile.

One day, 'mid bloom and gladness,
A sudden darkness reft
The light from out that household, —
It was the conquerer, Death.

In vain our hero struggled,
His once strong voice was low ;
For surely he was dying,
Scarce had he hoped to go.

Another morn was breaking,
He saw its wondrous light,
And passed into its dawning,
Where nevermore is night.

But there are missing faces,
No likeness ever seen ;
For fate their names were written,
Enshrouded in a dream.

And they are gone ! long years have flown
Since they from earth were riven;
Within the portals of His love,
We trust they are in heaven.

Wild winds of winter, softly wrap
Your mantle as a screen,
'Till summer rears her verdant bowers,
Then will the graves be green.

Their valor was esteemed the more
By those who knew them well ;
Yet time will be when they are not,
And stern oblivion dwell.

The sun will shine before a storm,
No night but has its day ;
And such is life's despondency
Its grief will wear away.

Enough to think of our beloved
With tenderest reverence due,
Revising some fond tribute left,
Endearing as it's true.

No fragile deed of theirs remain,
Whose purport harbored strife,
Calm and serene as placid seas
Shall be this after life.

Our daily action shall renew
The trust we hold for them ;
For dealings bound with honesty
They gave their fellow men.

Hushed is the voice of slandering tongues,
Bring them no vain alloy
To mar the garb of purity,
E'en superstitious joy?

Well is it said : " The good outlive
Earth's vanity and sin "
What though unto a Father's care
Have they been gathered in.

My fears do far exceed each hope
My inward spirit craves,
To pay a tithe of homage due
To those within their graves.

No fragment of forgotten song,
Or harp with silver strings
Can praise the just emolument
The present ever brings.

While veneration dost revere
And watches o'er the right,
Remembrance gilds each passing thought
The pen is mute to write.

Look up, O mortals, unto peace,
Ye woe-begone and sad !
For happiness to crown anew
The virtues which thou had.

Pale stars of evening time, look down
Upon those early graves,
As beams a beacon light afar
Across the surging waves.

My love for them shall be as vast
As was each kindred mind,
While constancy describes its course
Among the human kind.

Time can but half reveal its wrongs,
Sorrow must have its pain ;
Each weary gleaner shall be blessed
At harvest's hour again.



Sunrise on Castle Rock.

ONE morn I stood upon that rugged height
Which overlooks the deep ;
Below the waves came rolling in their might
With grand majestic sweep.

Came dashing in against the rocks beneath,
But farther on
The sky was blossoming with a wreath
Of early morn.

Across the waves I saw the gleaming east
More brighter grow,
Until the light of morning had increased
To one vast glow.

Then from the purpling sea uprose
The kingly sun ;
And bursting into beauty like a rose
The day begun.

Old Owl Out.

AFTER the sun went down in the west
One night, like a golden scout,
The birds were awakened from their rest
By the voice of an old owl out.

He lived by himself in the hollow heart
Of a giant hemlock tree—
A bachelor owl who took no part
In his comrades' revelry.

Whoo! hoo! he sounded his slogan clear,
Then flew to the highest limb
Of the tree he had lived in year by year,
And his woodcraft kept with him.

He was wise in the wisdom he had gained
Of the woods and changing skies;
For all the other birds proclaimed
And knew he was weather-wise.

Sometimes when the sky was clear and blue,
Or no distant haze was seen,
Around the forest he often flew
And hooted, but couldn't dream.

For he knew that a storm was coming, sure,
And his food was getting low;
So a new supply he would procure
To help him along, you know.

He ruffled his feathers and thought of men,
Of the love that reaches youth ;
It's very queer, but he faltered then,
They tell more lies than truth.

Already the stars had begun to hide,
The shadows were not so deep ;
Day lifted the curtain of night aside
And the old owl went to sleep.



March.

ONCE more the winged winds repeat
Their cadence to the wood and vale ;
Another changeful March we greet
With shadowed sunshine or with hail.

The east is beaming, and the dawn
Is breaking over skies of gray ;
Those golden arrows of the morn
At last to waken into day.

And soon upon the northern shore
The surging waves shall fall asleep ;
From cragged rocks white sea-gulls soar
Away to hover o'er the deep.

The king is dead—our winter king
Will die before the vernal throne
Of spring-time, when the bluebirds sing
And bring the flowers we have known.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[Lines commemorating the poet's eightieth birthday, December 17, 1887]

A greeting I would send to thee,
Our loved New England bard,
Whose home is down beside the sea,
Whose songs are glory-starred.

Like Passaconaway of old,
Erect our poet walks,
Though eighty years their tale have told
Upon his whitened locks.

Our poet, like the Indian seer,
Has called the seasons back,
In sweeter tones that we hold dear,
Along the Merrimack.

Where we have read his poems through
And feel a home delight,
To know he is *our* poet true
From coast to mountain height.

And as we read, some of his rhymes
Seem bound with forest withes,
We hear the murmur of the pines
Through legends and through myths.

We thank him for the songs he's sung,
So free from worldly taint ;
We honor him, both old and young,
Who is our poet saint.

We bless him, but when all is said—
Our prayers and fond requests,
We know that on his aged head
God's benediction rests.



Dr. A. F. Carr.

THEY tell me he has passed away,
Who lived among us long ;
How can my feeble words portray
His attributes in song !

But while I write, within my heart
A reverent feeling springs
For him who nobly bore his part
Amid life's joys and stings.

His sympathies were with the weak,
The suffering and the sad.
All those who came his aid to seek,
He gave the best he had.

Along the hillsides where he went,
In sunshine and in snow,
Methinks, the winds for him lament,
The trees in grief bend low.

In many homes his fame will stir
And kindest thoughts commend ;
His name is on life's register,
Physician, neighbor, friend.

Oh, let all hatred disappear
Upon its marshy coast,
For memory will hold him dear,
In spite of churlish boast.

Praise Him who led him to attain
The heights he now has reached,
Nor count it loss, for death is gain
The olden prophet preached.

Crowned with true honors, let him rest !
He wears a victor's crown ;
And comfort those that he loved best,
Kind people of the town.



Dissolution.

WHEN this frail spirit goes from earth away
To seek the glories of another sphere,
I wonder, when it finds the promised land,
If I shall hear and see and understand
More greater marvels than are noticed here ;
I wonder if the same resplendent sun
Will lead me onward to those portals wide,
Where death will end and every mortal dread
Shall be forgot ; where the unsinning dead
Will be revered, and virtue glorified ;
When I shall stand upon that mystic shore
And watch the splendor of some radiant orb,
I wonder if my human heart will throb
With some sweet passion never felt before.

In Memoriam.

[Sacred to the memory of Helen I., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Johnson of Shirley Hill, who died of consumption, Saturday morning, January 9, 1886, after an illness of eight months, aged fourteen years, eleven months and eight days. Miss Helen attended the same school as the writer, and was regarded as a general favorite among schoolmates and friends.]

WEEP not for her—she is at rest ;
Mysterious it seems
To know God's ways are always best,
Though sorrow intervenes.

And death has claimed our loved ones here
In spite of human skill ;
God's ways are ours, if we revere
His providential will.

Grieve not, dear friends ; upon her brow
The Saviour's hands have set
Their seal of loving kindness ; now
Her eyes no more are wet

With earthly tears, for they are dried ;
All suffering and pain
His magic touch has swept aside
Like drops of summer rain.

Her sainted girlhood will be kept
Inviolate with Thee ;
Great Prince of Peace, oh ! still accept
The pure of heart and free.

Bend low above the loved ones left
As when on earth Thou trod ;
Still comfort those who are bereft—
We ask thee, gentle Lord.

And bear this maiden's spirit up
To dwell with Thee, we pray ;
Give her Thy love, no bitter cup
Shall pass her lips for aye.

She is at rest—her soul has fled
Far from this world of ours ;
At rest where angels crown the dead
With Heaven's immortal flowers.



To a Song-Sparrow.

WELCOME, sweet singer! when I hear thy song
I know another winter has been spent ;
I welcome thee regardless of the throng
Of idle warblers singing their content.

I welcome thee as any poet should,
Hearing thy song melodious and sweet,
Deep in the shade of some primeval wood,
Secluded from the sun's incessant heat.

I notice thee because of thy dull dress
Compared with other songsters' rich array
Of plumage ; yet their melody is less,
For thou dost carol sweeter notes than they.

Sing, tiny bird, and fill my heart with love ;
Thinking of Him who would one sparrow miss
I turn my eyes to shining worlds above.
And dream of beauty never found in this.

To a White Rose.

How fair thou art ; more beautiful to see
Than other roses stained with crimson dyes,
Emblems of passion that we soon despise—
I fling them from me when I think of thee,
So pure and white—no wonder that the bees
Delight to gather in thy snowy cup,
To breathe its fragrance while they stay and sup,
For thy sweet nectar all their wants appease.
I try to do thee justice with my pen,
And picture thee as any poet ought ;
Oh, queenly rose ! I turn to thee again,
But all my mind is filled with common thought.
A type of innocence to me thou art,
Pure as a maiden's love-awaking heart.

Companionship.

I know of many ways that nature holds
Communion with us in our lonely hours ;
There is society in trees and flowers
For those who need it ; unto longing souls
A sympathy as pure as girlish love
Is ever kept ; while in the stars above
The poet sees new wonders, many things
Denied to those who favor sordid kings,
Or follow pleasure that will bring them woe.
Choose what you will, but where cool waters drip
O'er mossy stones, I find companionship.

Kindred.

ANCESTRAL blood is surging through my veins,
My heart is filled with passion from the dead,
For I am theirs ; what fealty remains
Has filled my soul with unsuspecting dread.

Yet I am proud to be a part of each,
To feel the love that they undaunted felt,
On Freedom's shore beyond oppression's reach,
Where ties of faith were soon together welt.

Before they came across the ocean wide
Their blood was shed to slack religion's thirst ;
Oh ! base desire beyond the rolling tide,
Thy guilty deeds will be forever cursed.

It has been spent, the persecution made,
And time is silent with its murd'rous past ;
Ancestral fires will my heart invade,
While life and duty here on earth shall last.

Cheers and Tears.

CHEERS for the one who has won the prize
Of worldly honor ; applause is sweet
To him who has conquered, whose banner flies
In triumph over his foe's defeat ;
Tears for the one who has sought in vain
To reach the height where Fame's laurels grow,
And dies in sorrow and want and pain,
With secret longings we never know.

Granites.

IF you would woo a Goffstown maid,
Please have it understood,
Before you undertake the job,
That your moral traits are good.

* * *

You may praise a man for his noble brow,
And his face will glow with pride;
But if you call him a wooden-head,
He would not in you confide.

* * *

If you want to get rich
Like a big millionaire,
And loom up in the world,
You had better be square.

* * *

Among the follies of the present time
One evil is advancing,
And often leads to sin and crime—
I mean the art (?) of dancing.

FINIS.

Index.

	PAGE
The Tipping Rocks.....	5
Uncanoonuc Mountains.....	6
Amoskeag Falls.....	6
The Pulpit.....	7
To My Mother	8
The Statue of Liberty.	9
An Ocean Legend.....	10
Let Truth Prevail... ..	11
Ode to June.....	12
No Night There.....	13
An Old Proverb.....	13
Grant.....	14
I Thought of Love.....	14
To an Old Maple.....	15
The Dead Soldier.....	17
Remorse.....	18
Crosses.....	19
The Owl and the Crow.....	20
Regret.....	21
Dash it Down!.. ..	22
Lord Byron.....	22
April Skies.....	23

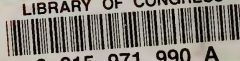
The Old Year and the New.....	78
Shakespeare.....	26
The Churn, or Spouting Horn.....	27
An Evening Sonnet.....	28
Oak Leaves.....	29
Cowards.....	29
Woodcraft.....	30
Logic.....	30
Mountains.....	31
"Let us Live by the Way".....	31
Thomas Hood.....	32
Pansy Flowers	33
On the Shore.....	33
Denied.....	34
Bright Evening Star	35
Love is with the May.....	36
What I Caught.....	36
A Wintry Day.....	37
With the Night.....	39
On Memory's Page.....	40
Daisy.....	43
A Spring Idyl.....	50
Hatred.....	52
Ida Gray.....	53
Thoughts.....	55
The Amber Clouds.....	57
Rodney Stark Shirley.....	58
Beyond the Skies.....	59

Guilt.....	59
And Such is Life.....	60
It's Coming.....	61
Mementoes.....	62
Sunrise on Castle Rock.....	66
Old Owl Out....	67
March.....	68
John G. Whittier.....	69
Dr. A. F. Carr.....	70
Dissolution.....	71
In Memoriam.....	72
To a Song-Sparrow	72
To a White Rose....	74
Companionship.....	74
Kindred.....	75
Cheers and Tears....	75
Granites.....	76



Moses Gage Shirley's Poems.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 990 A